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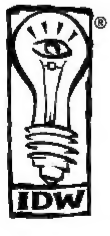

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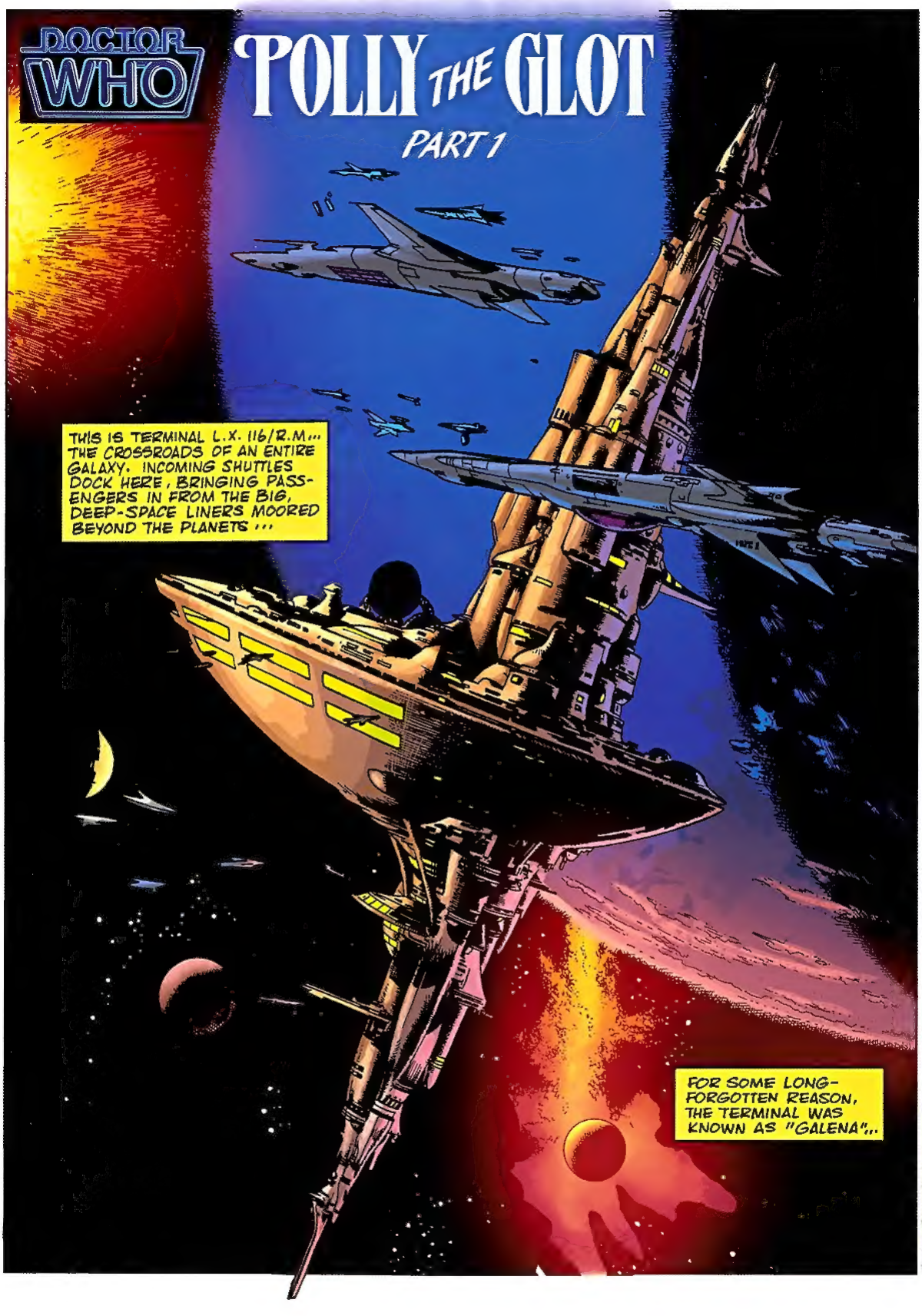

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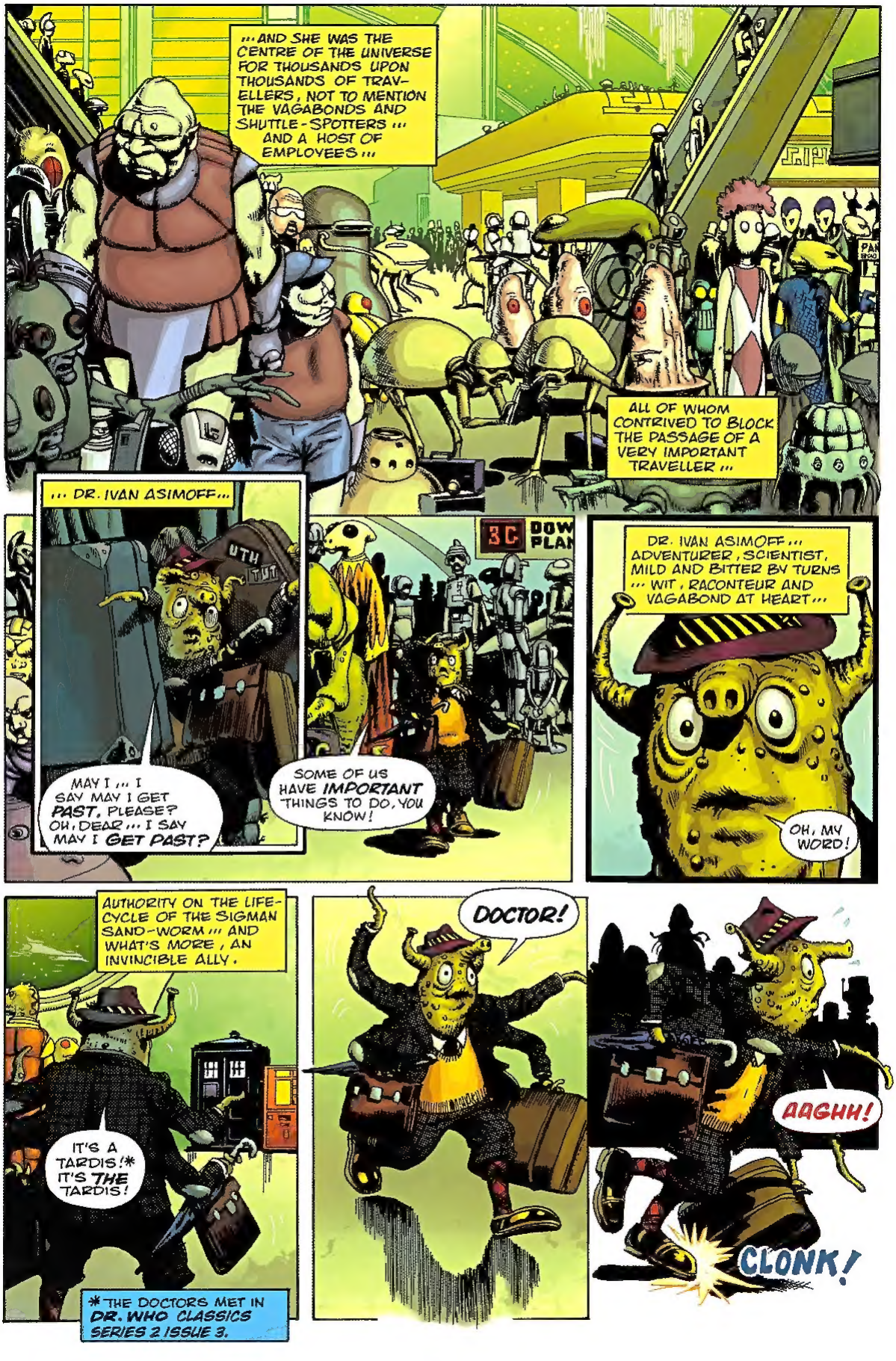
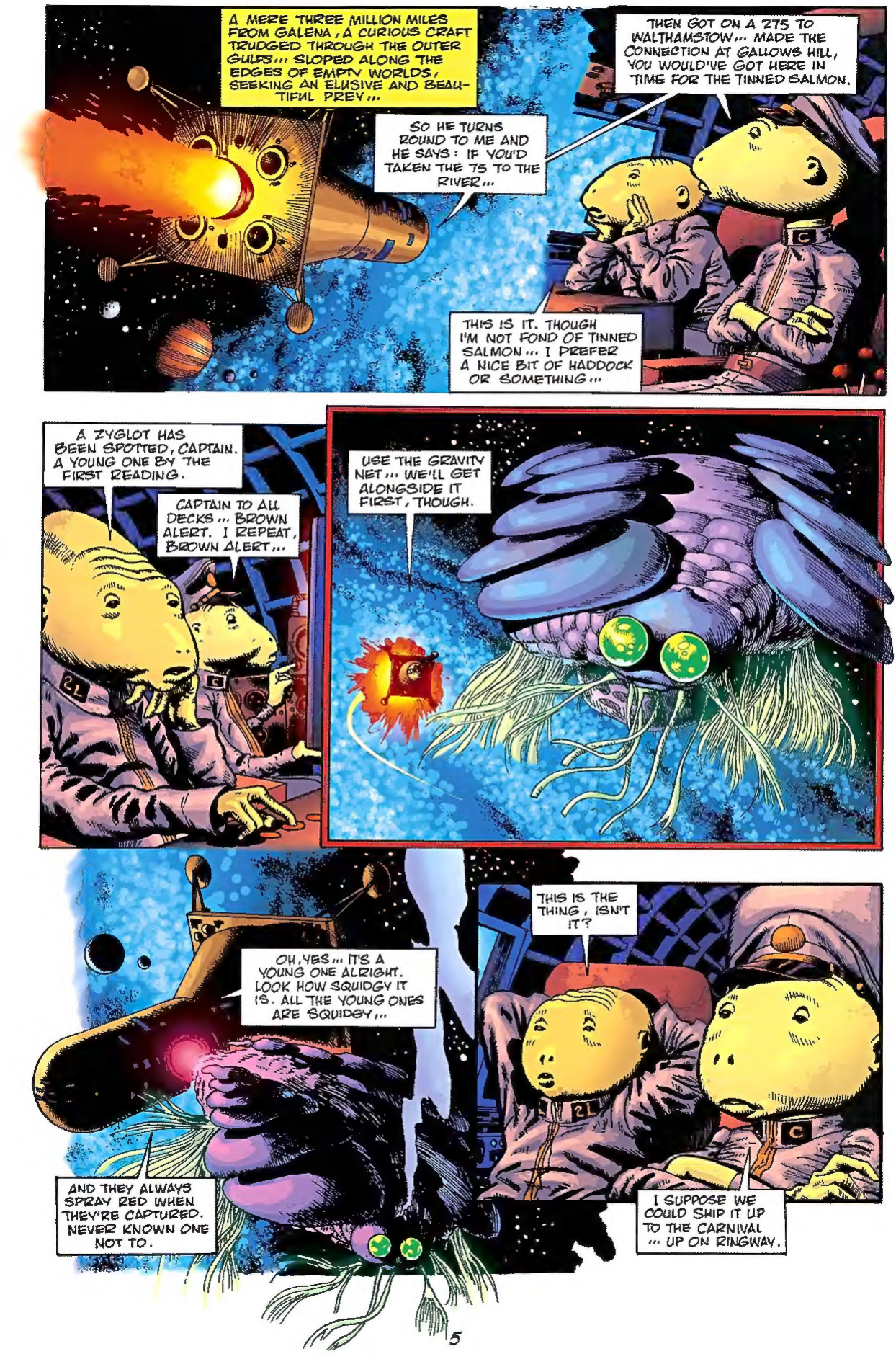
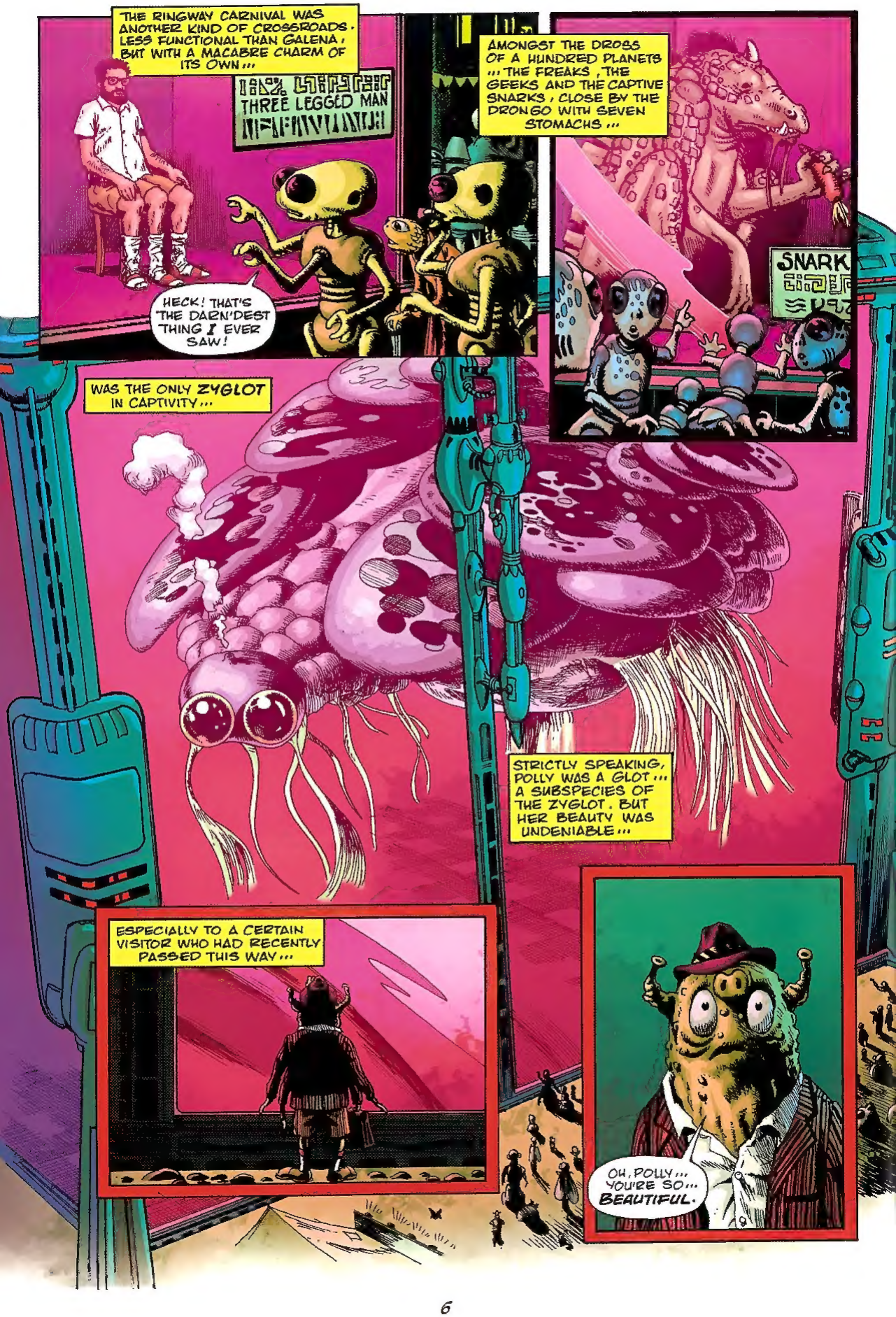


*THE DOCTORS MET IN DR. WHO CLASSICS SERIES 2 ISSUE 3.

AH, WELL... TIME TO LOOK AROUND FOR FOOD I THINK...
DOCTOR!
OOF!
I'M SO SORRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE!
THAT'S STRANGE, SO DID I.
IN FACT... I AM SOMEBODY ELSE!
YOU SEE, I COULD HAVE SWORN THIS WAS A TARDIS... THE TARDIS! THE ONLY ONE I'VE EVER SEEN, ANYWAY!
AND I WAS HOPING THE DOCTOR WOULD BE HERE.
HE IS. HE'S INSIDE.
POLICE
NO HE ISN'T. HE'S COMING OUT.
WELL, WELL... DOCTOR ASIMOFF, HOW WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU!
I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T HAD THE PLEASURE, SIR.
OF COURSE. PLEASE FORGIVE ME.
YOU SEE, I'VE... CHANGED MY APPEARANCE SINCE WE LAST MET. SEVERAL TIMES IN FACT.
AN UNFORTUNATE NECESSITY...
YOU MEAN, YOU'RE SOMEBODY ELSE, TOO?

OH, DOCTOR! WHAT AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT TO MEET YOU! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WE NEED!
AAAH.
I BELONG TO AN ORGANISATION THAT DESPERATELY NEEDS HELP. THE KIND OF HELP A MAN OF YOUR CALIBRE CAN OFFER!
OH, MY GOODNESS! LOOK AT THE TIME!
MY SHUTTLE LEAVES AT ANY MINUTE!
I MUST BE OFF! YOU'LL FIND WHERE TO REACH ME ON THE CARD! PLEASE, DOCTOR ... YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!
THE 'SAVE THE ZYGLOT' TRUST: ANNUAL CONFERENCE, A.E. 2120 ... 30000041 W. RIDGE BLVD. MERIDIAN CITY PL. NESTOR
CO-ORD 5000.414.3564.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, DOCTOR? HE LOOKED PRETTY WORRIED.
I DON'T KNOW YET...
I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE BUSY. WE'VE BEEN TO THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, NOW WE'RE AT THE CENTRE.
THE CENTRE OF A GALAXY! MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF STARS ... THOUSANDS OF INHABITED PLANETS...
AND WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT ON ONE OF THEM WITH THE TREASURER OF THE 'SAVE THE ZYGLOT' TRUST...
DOCTOR IVAN ASIMOFF.


A MERE THREE MILLION MILES FROM GALENA, A CURIOUS CRAFT TRUDGED THROUGH THE OUTER GULFS... SLOPED ALONG THE EDGES OF EMPTY WORLDS, SEEKING AN ELUSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL PREY...
SO HE TURNS ROUND TO ME AND HE SAYS: IF YOU'D TAKEN THE 75 TO THE RIVER...
THEN GOT ON A 275 TO WALTHAMSTOW... MADE THE CONNECTION AT GALLOWS HILL, YOU WOULD'VE GOT HERE IN TIME FOR THE TINNED SALMON.
THIS IS IT. THOUGH I'M NOT FOND OF TINNED SALMON... I PREFER A NICE BIT OF HADDOCK OR SOMETHING...
A ZYGLOT HAS BEEN SPOTTED, CAPTAIN. A YOUNG ONE BY THE FIRST READING.
CAPTAIN TO ALL DECKS... BROWN ALERT. I REPEAT, BROWN ALERT...
USE THE GRAVITY NET... WE'LL GET ALONGSIDE IT FIRST, THOUGH.
OH, YES... IT'S A YOUNG ONE ALRIGHT. LOOK HOW SQUIDGY IT IS. ALL THE YOUNG ONES ARE SQUIDGY...
AND THEY ALWAYS SPRAY RED WHEN THEY'RE CAPTURED. NEVER KNOWN ONE NOT TO.
THIS IS THE THING, ISN'T IT?
I SUPPOSE WE COULD SHIP IT UP TO THE CARNIVAL ... UP ON RINGWAY.


THE RINGWAY CARNIVAL WAS ANOTHER KIND OF CROSSROADS. LESS FUNCTIONAL THAN GALENA, BUT WITH A MACABRE CHARM OF ITS OWN...
THREE LEGGED MAN
HECK! THAT'S THE DARN'DEST THING I EVER SAW!
AMONGST THE DROSS OF A HUNDRED PLANETS ... THE FREAKS, THE GEEKS AND THE CAPTIVE SNARKS, CLOSE BY THE DRONGO WITH SEVEN STOMACHS...
SNARK
WAS THE ONLY ZYGLOT IN CAPTIVITY...
STRICTLY SPEAKING, POLLY WAS A GLOT... A SUBSPECIES OF THE ZYGLOT. BUT HER BEAUTY WAS UNDENIABLE...
ESPECIALLY TO A CERTAIN VISITOR WHO HAD RECENTLY PASSED THIS WAY...
OH, POLLY... YOU'RE SO... BEAUTIFUL.

IT WAS THEN DOCTOR IVAN ASIMOFF KNEW HE WAS IN LOVE.
ZYGLOT

PG TRIPS
PAN GALACTICA
POLLY... DON'T LOSE HEART... I'LL... RESCUE... POLLY...

I'LL SAVE YOU, POLLY!

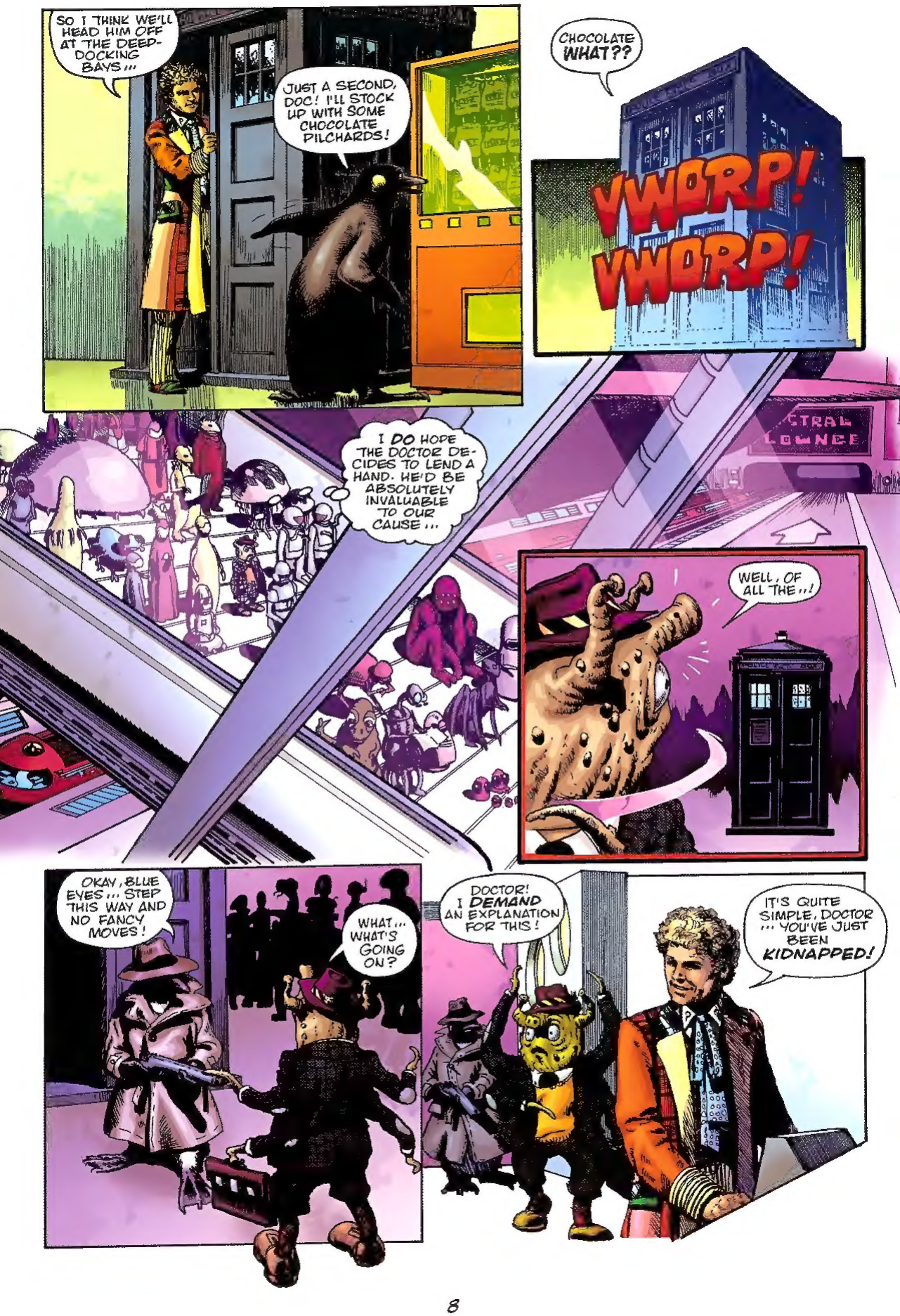
EVERYTHING ALRIGHT, SIR?
YES... YES THANKYOU. I WAS JUST... ER, NODDING OFF.
WE'LL BE DOCKING WITH THE LINER IN A FEW MINUTES, SIR.

ANOTHER FOUR HOURS AND I'LL BE AT THE MEETING. AND WHAT DO I TELL THEM?

THAT THE ZYGLOTS ARE STILL BEING HUNTED FOR THEIR COLOURS? THAT THEY'RE BECOMING CARNIVAL SIDESHOWS?
AND THAT THE ZYGLOT TRUST IS FAILING THROUGH LACK OF FUNDS?

WELL, DOC. HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT WE SHOULD DO?
YES. THE DOCTOR KNOWS I CAN'T ABIDE A MYSTERY... SO HE'S LEFT ME A MYSTERY TO CHEW ON...

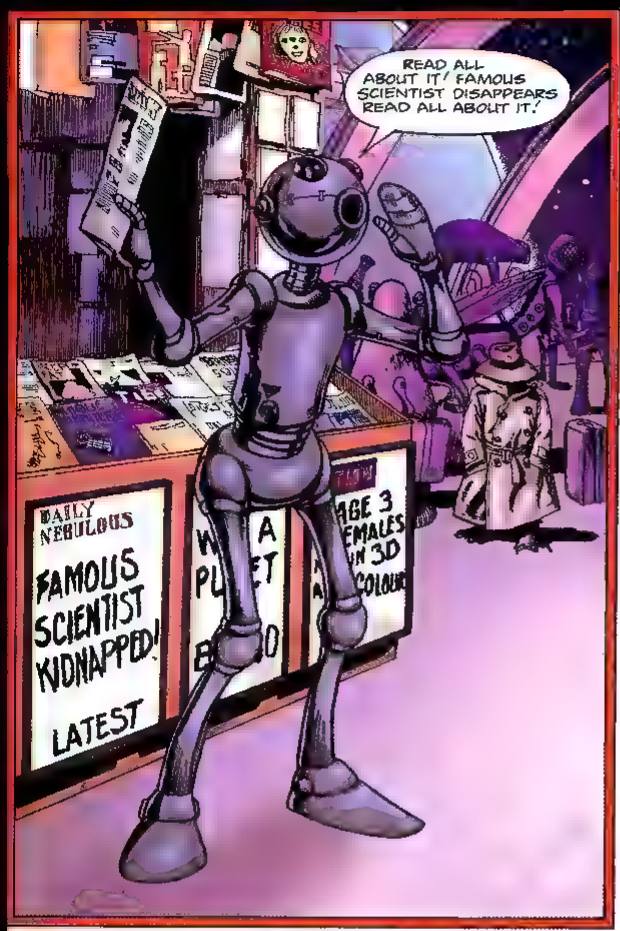
SOMEWHERE IN THAT LITTLE CEPHALOPOD'S MIND, SOMETHING IS STEWING...

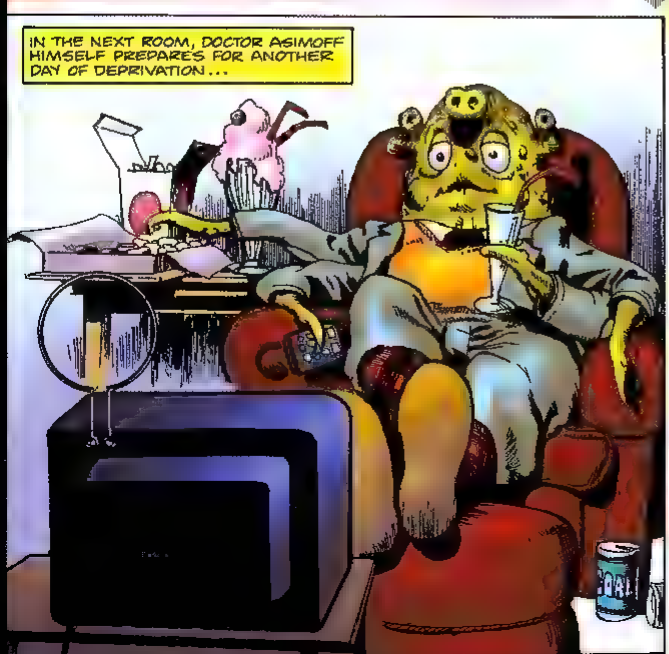

SO I THINK WE'LL HEAD HIM OFF AT THE DEEP-DOCKING BAYS...
JUST A SECOND, DOC! I'LL STOCK UP WITH SOME CHOCOLATE PILCHARDS!
CHOCOLATE WHAT??
VWORP! VWORP!
I DO HOPE THE DOCTOR DECIDES TO LEND A HAND. HE'D BE ABSOLUTELY INVALUABLE TO OUR CAUSE...
WELL, OF ALL THE...!
OKAY, BLUE EYES... STEP THIS WAY AND NO FANCY MOVES!
WHAT... WHAT'S GOING ON?
DOCTOR! I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS!
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, DOCTOR... YOU'VE JUST BEEN KIDNAPPED!

DOCTOR WHO

POLLY THE GLOT

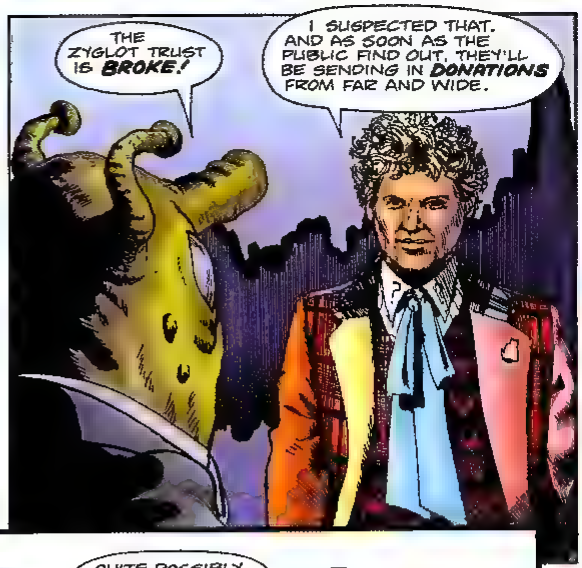
PART 2

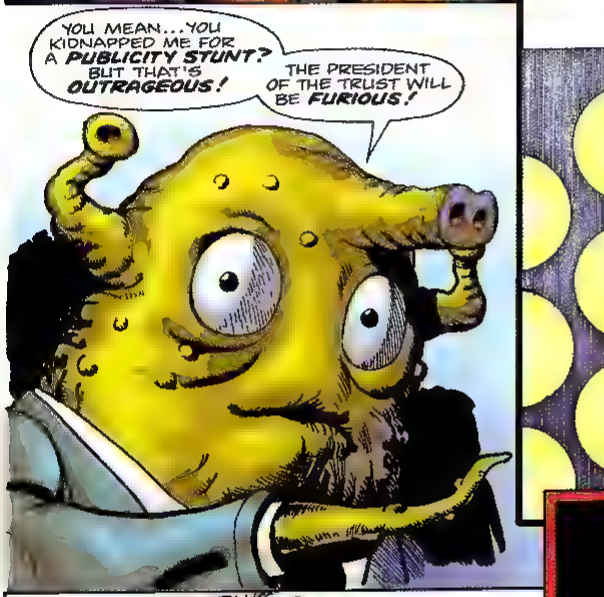




SCRIPT-STEVE PARKHOUSE ART-JOHN RIDGWAY EDITOR-ALAN McKENZIE

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THE ZYGLOT TRUST TO PAY A RANSOM FOR YOUR SAFE RETURN?
RANSOM? THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY PAY A RANSOM!


THE ZYGLOT TRUST IS BROKE!
I SUSPECTED THAT. AND AS SOON AS THE PUBLIC FIND OUT, THEY'LL BE SENDING IN DONATIONS FROM FAR AND WIDE.


YOU MEAN...YOU KIDNAPPED ME FOR A PUBLICITY STUNT? BUT THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS!
THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRUST WILL BE FURIOUS!

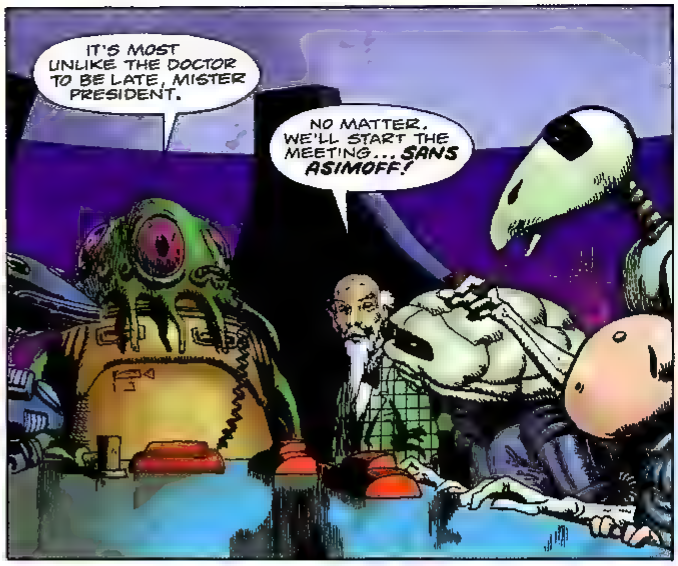
QUITE POSSIBLY. BY THE WAY, WHO IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRUST?

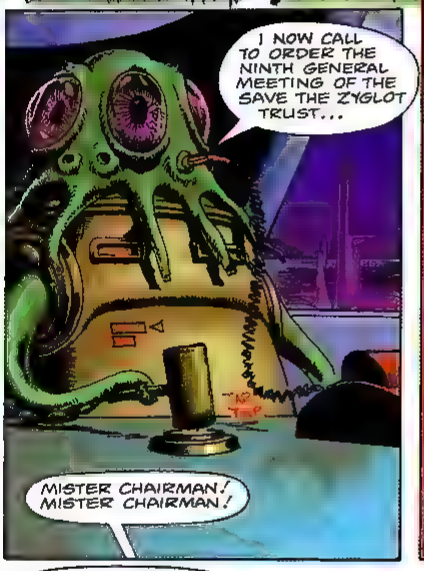
HIS NAME IS LABUS. PROFESSOR ASTRO LABUS.

SOMETHING REVERBERATED THEN IN THE DOCTOR'S BRAIN. A SENSATION SOUNDED IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS MIND LIKE A WHALE... THE REALITY OF A FLOOR BENEATH HIS FEET SIMPLY CEASED.

...AND HE FELL.

ALORS! IL EST TRÈS TARD!
OU EST LE PETIT RUNT? DISPARU? HMMM? ABSCONDED WITH THE FUNDS? LEGGED IT WITH THE MAZUMAS?


IT'S MOST UNLIKE THE DOCTOR TO BE LATE, MISTER PRESIDENT.
NO MATTER. WE'LL START THE MEETING... SANS ASIMOFF!


I NOW CALL TO ORDER THE NINTH GENERAL MEETING OF THE SAVE THE ZYGLOT TRUST...
MISTER CHAIRMAN! MISTER CHAIRMAN!

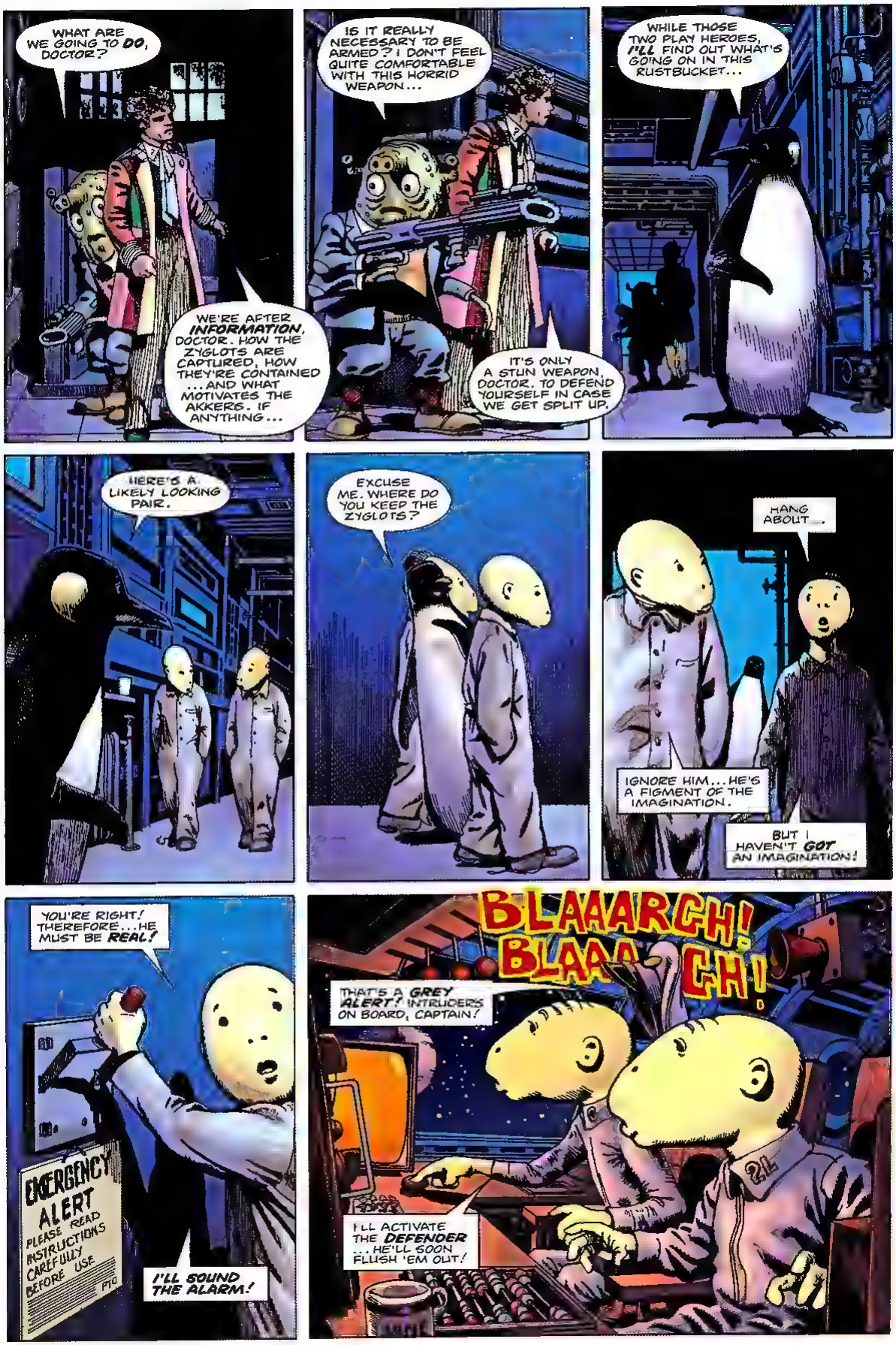
THE NEWS HAS JUST REACHED US! DOCTOR ASIMOFF HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! THEY'RE DEMANDING HALF A MILLION RANSOM!
STONE THE FLAMIN' CROWS! VOUS NE DITES PAS!

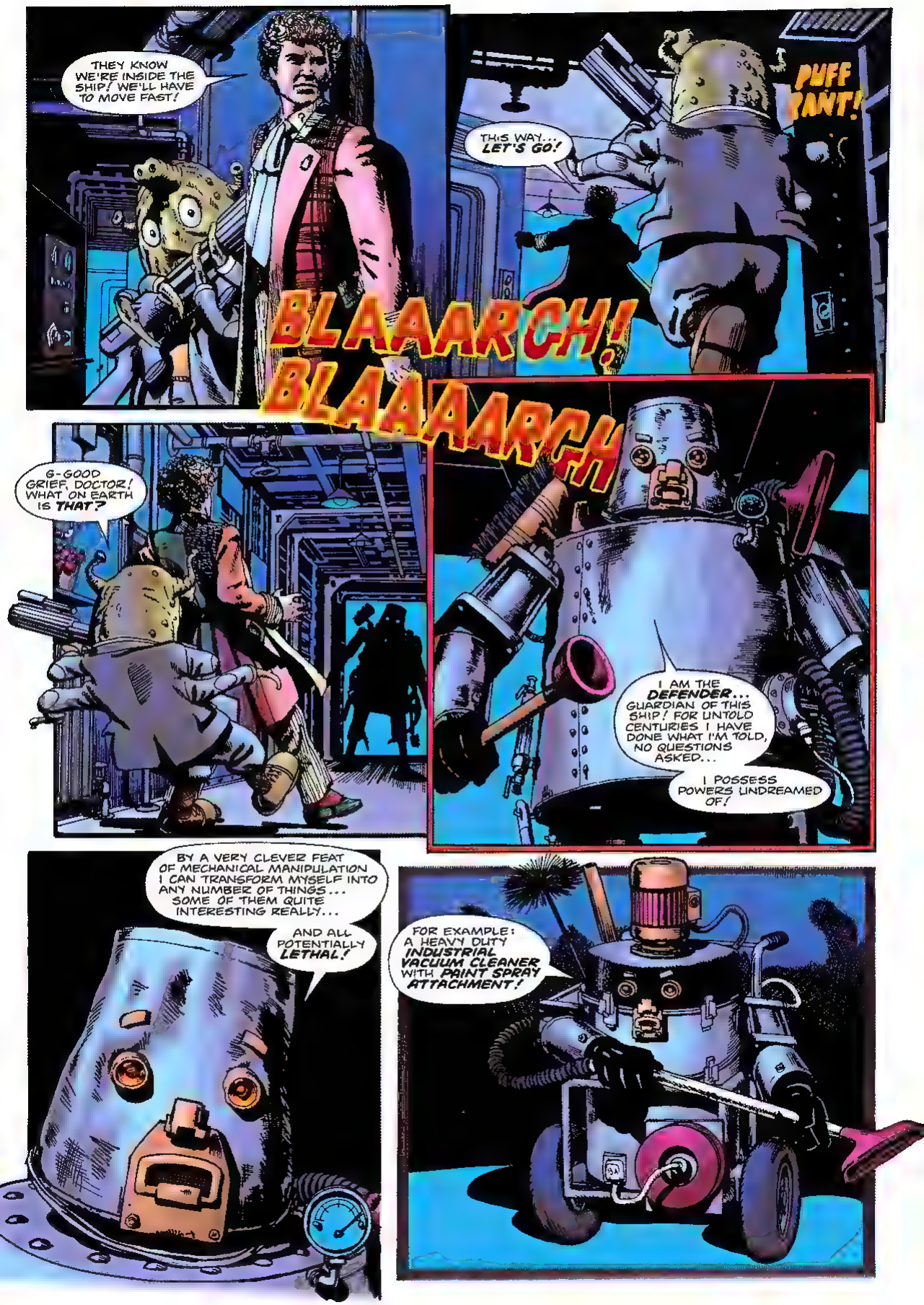
I SMELL A RAT HERE, GENTLEMEN. I SMELL A BIG, FAT FURRY RAT...
AND THROW IN A PENGUIN FOR GOOD MEASURE!

DOCTOR? DOCTOR, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

OOH... WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU MUST'VE FAINTED OR SOMETHING.

I DON'T THINK SO...I'M NOT THE FAINTING KIND...
I BELIEVE I'M UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF SOME KIND OF POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION...
BUT EVEN SO, I CAN STILL THINK QUITE CLEARLY...
THE FIRST PART OF THE JIGSAW IS BEFORE OUR VERY EYES.
THE SECOND AND THIRD PARTS WILL REVEAL THEMSELVES WITH A LITTLE MORE EFFORT...
DOCTOR, THE PEOPLE WHO ARE HUNTING THE ZYGLOTS...
THE AKKERS, REPUTED TO BE THE DULLEST RACE IN THE GALAXY!
QUITE SO. I THINK IT'S TIME WE PAID THEM A VISIT!
OH, DOCTOR. WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER ADVENTURE, ARE WE? I DON'T THINK MY NERVES COULD TAKE IT.
VWORP! VWORP!
THE AKKERS WERE A RACE APART. THEY PURSUED TEDIUM WITH THE DOGGED ZEAL OF UNTREATED SEWAGE ON ITS WAY TO THE SEA...
THEY WERE AS BORING AS ROPE. AS INTERESTING AS INSURANCE. AS DULL AS DENTAL DECAY...
GORDON, HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU WHAT A WONDERFUL AND INSPIRING PLACE THE UNIVERSE IS? HOW MIRACULOUS IT IS TO BE A LIVING, BREATHING, SENTIENT BEING AT THE THRESHOLD OF INFINITE POTENTIAL?
NO, BAZ
NO, ME NEITHER, GORDON.


WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, DOCTOR?
WE'RE AFTER INFORMATION, DOCTOR. HOW THE ZYGLOTS ARE CAPTURED, HOW THEY'RE CONTAINED ...AND WHAT MOTIVATES THE AKKERS. IF ANYTHING...
IS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO BE ARMED? I DON'T FEEL QUITE COMFORTABLE WITH THIS HORRID WEAPON...
IT'S ONLY A STUN WEAPON, DOCTOR. TO DEFEND YOURSELF IN CASE WE GET SPLIT UP.
WHILE THOSE TWO PLAY HEROES, I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS RUSTBUCKET...
HERE'S A LIKELY LOOKING PAIR.
EXCUSE ME. WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE ZYGLOTS?
HANG ABOUT...
IGNORE HIM...HE'S A FIGMENT OF THE IMAGINATION.
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT AN IMAGINATION!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THEREFORE...HE MUST BE REAL!
EMERGENCY ALERT
PLEASE READ INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY BEFORE USE
I'LL SOUND THE ALARM!
BLAAARGH!
BLAAARGH!
THAT'S A GREY ALERT! INTRUDERS ON BOARD, CAPTAIN!
I'LL ACTIVATE THE DEFENDER ...HE'LL SOON FLUSH 'EM OUT!


THEY KNOW WE'RE INSIDE THE SHIP! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
THIS WAY... LET'S GO!
PUFF PANT!
BLAAARCH! BLAAARCH
G-GOOD GRIEF, DOCTOR! WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?
I AM THE DEFENDER... GUARDIAN OF THIS SHIP! FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES I HAVE DONE WHAT I'M TOLD, NO QUESTIONS ASKED...
I POSSESS POWERS UNDREAMED OF!
BY A VERY CLEVER FEAT OF MECHANICAL MANIPULATION I CAN TRANSFORM MYSELF INTO ANY NUMBER OF THINGS... SOME OF THEM QUITE INTERESTING REALLY...
AND ALL POTENTIALLY LETHAL!
FOR EXAMPLE: A HEAVY DUTY INDUSTRIAL VACUUM CLEANER WITH PAINT SPRAY ATTACHMENT!

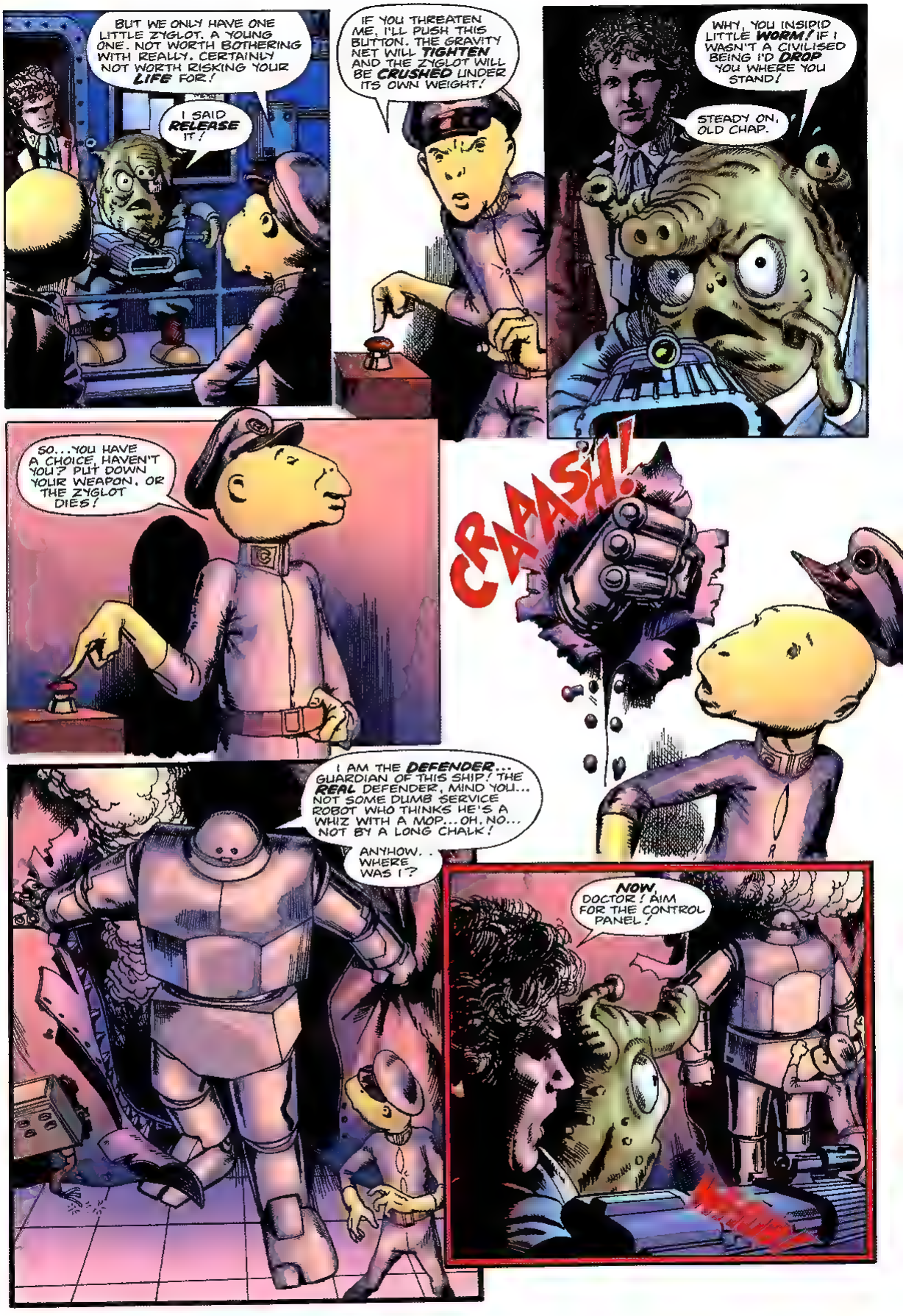
OR HOW ABOUT A SELECTION OF HIGH PRESSURE DRAIN-CLEARING EQUIPMENT?
OR A PILE OF OLD BUCKETS! IMPRESSIVE, HUH?
BEWARE MY MARTIAL SKILLS! I AM AN EXPERT WITH THE BROOM, THE SQUEEGEE AND THE BRUSH!
OUT OF ORDER
BUT MOST OF ALL... I AM A SPECIALIST WITH THE MOP!
BOP!
OW!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU BOPPED THE DOG WITH A MOP!
MADE IN JAPAN
DON'T COME NEAR ME, YOU MONSTER! ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'LL BLAST YOU TO SMITHEREENS!

POLLY THE GLOT

PART 3

SCRIPT·STEVE PARKHOUSE ART·JOHN RIDGWAY, EDITOR·ALAN McKENZIE

ACCORDING TO MY "WONDERFUL WORLD OF NATURE" ANNUAL, IT'S A TERRAN SEA-FOWL OF THE ALCIDAE FAMILY DESCENDED FROM THE GREAT AUK, A FLIGHTLESS BIRD NOW EXTINCT...
FOUND IN LARGE NUMBERS IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE, USUALLY CONGREGATING AT POLAR REGIONS WHERE THEY...
THANK YOU, I GET THE PICTURE. THE POINT IS, CAN WE MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF IT?
WE COULD ALWAYS SELL IT TO THE CARNIVAL, CAPTAIN.
WATCH THE STEP!
GOOD. STOW IT IN THE FORWARD HOLD.
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH. STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!
DOCTOR! THEY'VE GOT YOUR STRANGE LITTLE FRIEND! SHALL I ZAP 'EM?
IS THAT THE RIGHT EXPRESSION?
I APOLOGISE FOR THIS INTRUSION, CAPTAIN. BUT I WARN YOU MY FRIEND HERE IS PREPARED TO TAKE DESPERATE MEASURES.
WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU MAY LOOK LIKE VAGABONDS, BUT YOU'RE CERTAINLY NOT PIRATES!
RELEASE THE ZYGLOTS! IMMEDIATELY! OR I SHALL RUN RAMPANT THROUGHOUT YOUR SHIP!
WITH MY FRIEND HERE AS WELL, OF COURSE...


BUT WE ONLY HAVE ONE LITTLE ZYGLOT. A YOUNG ONE. NOT WORTH BOTHERING WITH REALLY. CERTAINLY NOT WORTH RISKING YOUR LIFE FOR!
I SAID RELEASE IT!
IF YOU THREATEN ME, I'LL PUSH THIS BUTTON. THE GRAVITY NET WILL TIGHTEN AND THE ZYGLOT WILL BE CRUSHED UNDER ITS OWN WEIGHT!
WHY, YOU INSIDID LITTLE WORM! IF I WASN'T A CIVILISED BEING I'D DROP YOU WHERE YOU STAND!
STEADY ON, OLD CHAP.
SO...YOU HAVE A CHOICE, HAVEN'T YOU? PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON, OR THE ZYGLOT DIES!
CRAASH!
I AM THE DEFENDER... GUARDIAN OF THIS SHIP! THE REAL DEFENDER, MIND YOU... NOT SOME DUMB SERVICE ROBOT WHO THINKS HE'S A WHIZ WITH A MOP...OH, NO... NOT BY A LONG CHALK!
ANYHOW... WHERE WAS I?
NOW, DOCTOR! AIM FOR THE CONTROL PANEL!

WE'VE DONE IT! THE ZYGLOT IS FREE!
WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS? YOU HAVEN'T THE BRAINS TO ORGANISE A ZYGLOT HUNT BY YOURSELF! WHO'S PAYING YOU?
I'LL NEVER TELL! BURN ME WITH FIRE... BREAK ME ON THE RACK... DO YOUR WORST... MY LIPS ARE SEALED!
SCUM! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO SET THE JANITOR ON YOU!
CURSE YOU! IT'S THE OWNER OF THE RINGWAY CARNIVAL WHO'S PAYING US! THE GREAT SWAMI ASTRAL ARBUS!
THE LITTLE RAT! THE DIRTY LITTLE RAT! THE LITTLE PILE OF FERTILISER HAS FINKED ON ME!
AAGH! REND MY GARMENTS IN TWAIN... OR EVEN THRAIN! I AM BETRAYED!
WHAT A ROTTEN SWIZZ! NAUGHT AVAILETH! I HAD THE WORLD ON A STRING... I WAS SITTIN' ON A RAINBOW!
WHAT A TREACHEROUS BRUTE LIFE IS!

DO I HEAR A VWORP? DO I HEAR TWO VWORPS?
WHAT? ARE THEY ON TO ME SO SOON?
VWORP
VWORP
THE MYSTIC ASTRAL
ASTROLOGER ROYAL
•APPENDAGES READ
•FORTUNES DIVINED
BRING YOUR OWN TEA-BAGS
SAN FAIRY ANNE! NOTHING MATTERS! EASY COME, EASY GO... ANY WAY THE WIND BLOWS...
AS THE SUN SINKS SLOWLY IN THE WEST, WE MUST SAY OUR SAD FAREWELL TO THE RINGWAY CARNIVAL... TO THE SNARKS AND THEIR LARKS AND THE MARKS AND SPARKS...
FAREWELL AND ADIEU!
BUT! ALL CREATION IS AN OYSTER...AND I AM A PEARL! A PEARL OF WISDOM, A PEARL AND DEAN. KNIT ONE, PURL ONE... A DIAMOND AM I! AN EMERALD!
AN EMERALD SET IN A SILVER SEA! I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN, TO THE LONELY SEA AND THE SKY. -SIGH-
IT WAS A NICE SCAM WHILE IT LASTED... BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT. OU EST MON COEUR? IL EST DANS LA SALLE A MANGER! FRITZ SPIEGEL, I AM WASTED!
I AM COSMIC STUFF TRAPPED IN THE TIN BOX OF LIFE! I AM SPLENDOUR IN A CAN! -SOB-
HOOTS! IT'S A WEE SLEEKIT TIMOROUS BEASTIE! BEGONE, MISCREANT!
JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER ASTROLABUS ...OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS!
THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME, PAL! ONE FALSE MOVE AN' IT'S A FLIPPER IN THE KISSER!

NOT SO FAST, MY FINE FEATHERED FRIEND! TO THE BATPOLES, ROBIN
I'D LOVE TO STOP AND PLAY, BUT INSTEAD I'LL HAVE TO SAY... ARRIVEDERCI!

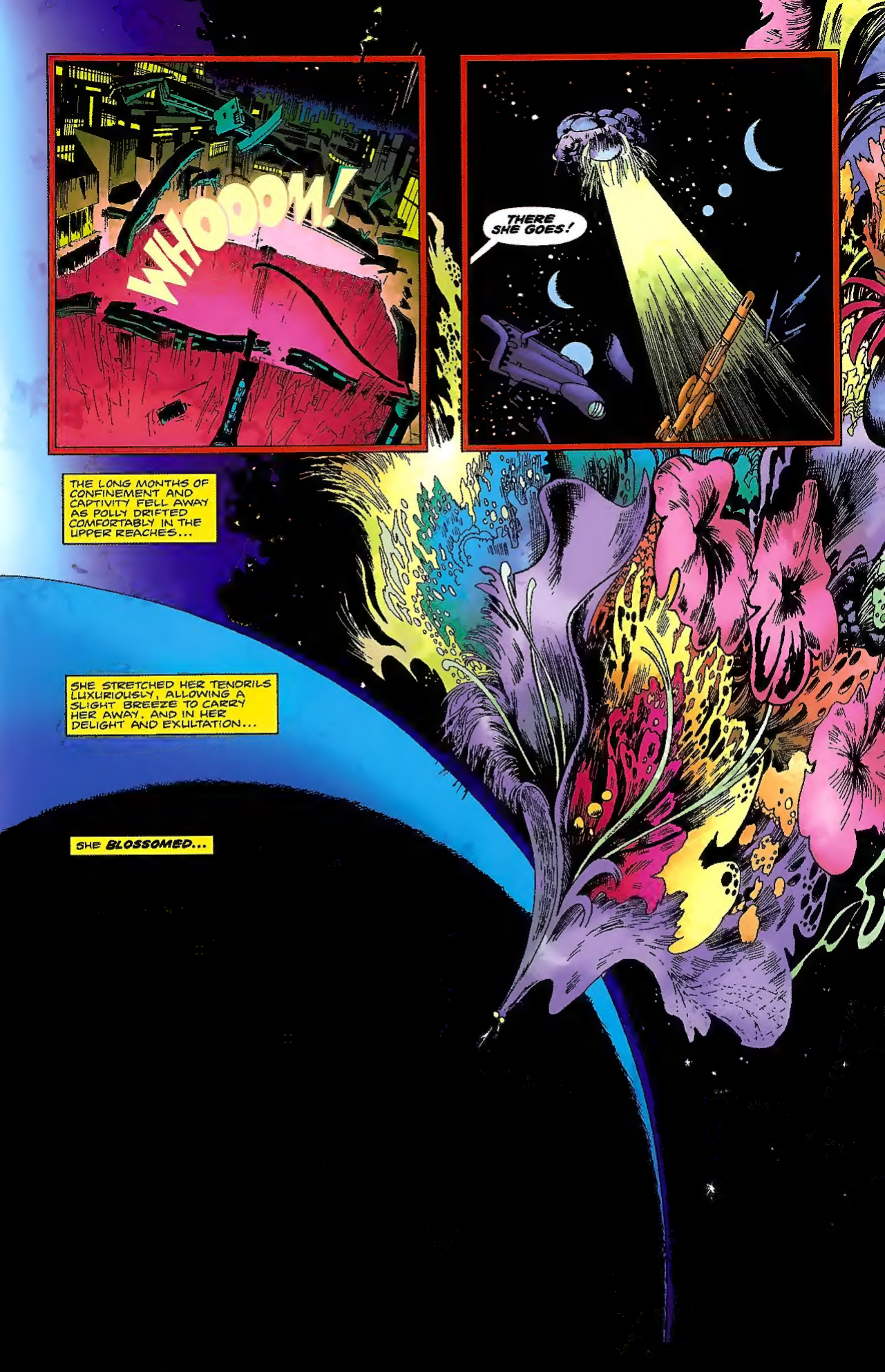
BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY!
GASP! THEY'VE GONE! VANISHED!

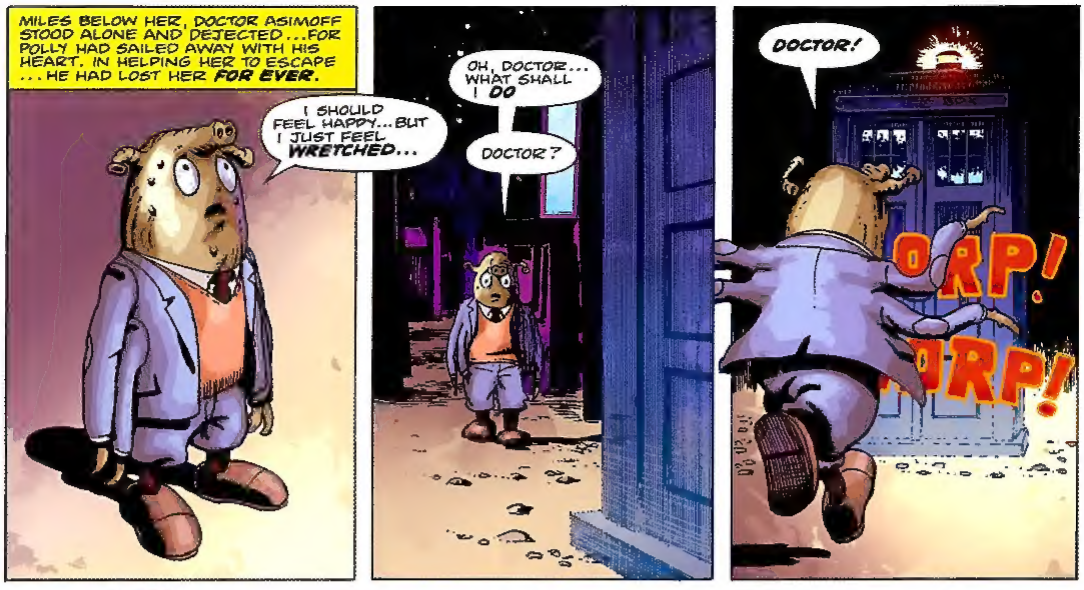
DOCTOR! DOCTOR! FROBISHER'S BEEN KIDNAPPED! ABDUCTED! STOLEN!

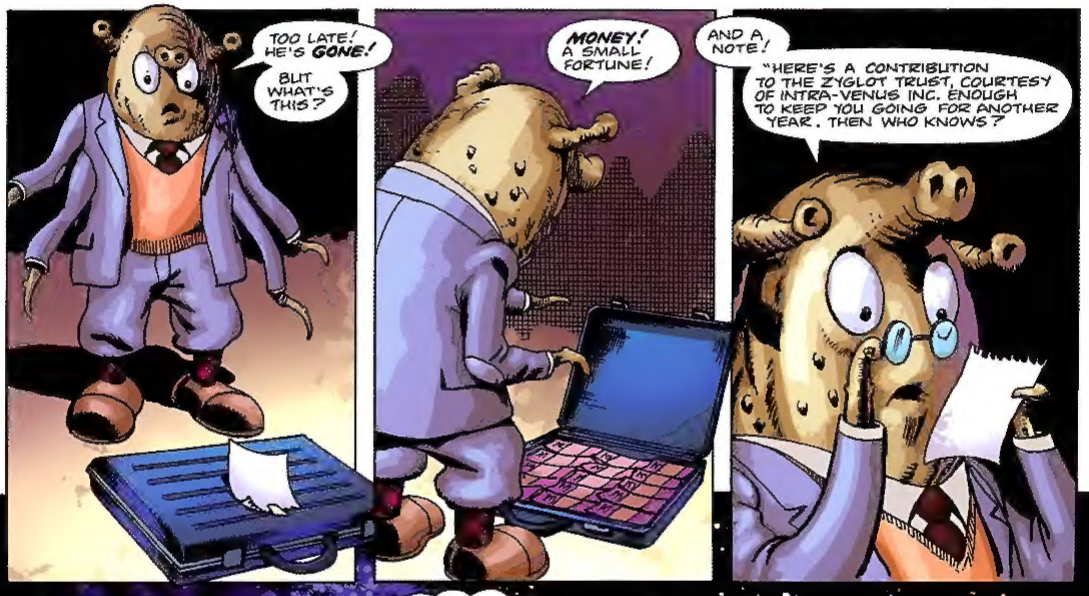
TAKE COVER, DOCTOR... THERE'S GOING TO BE AN EXPLOSION ANY MINUTE!

WH-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
I'VE ADJUSTED THE GRAVITY NULLIFIERS ON POLLY'S VOID-TRAP.

THERE'S NOW A ZERO-GRAVITY FIELD STRETCHING ABOVE THE TRAP AND INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE. SHE'LL BE HAPPIER UP THERE THAN IN A CAGE.


WHOOOOM!
THERE SHE GOES!
THE LONG MONTHS OF CONFINEMENT AND CAPTIVITY FELL AWAY AS POLLY DRIFTED COMFORTABLY IN THE UPPER REACHES...
SHE STRETCHED HER TENDRILS LUXURIOUSLY, ALLOWING A SLIGHT BREEZE TO CARRY HER AWAY, AND IN HER DELIGHT AND EXULTATION...
SHE BLOSSOMED...





NEXT: THE CABINET OF ASTROLABUS!

COMING NEXT ISSUE:
DOCTOR WHO
CLASSICS SERIES 3
HACK
CK